

FOUR-LEGGED ENGINES.

Treatment of Street Car Horses.

The Fate Which Overtakes Them—The Dispositions of City Life Soon Break Them Down—How the Horses Are Cared For, and the Work Required.

CHICAGO, July 1.—A News reporter has been making friends with the street car horses of this city, and prints the result of his interview and observations. Five hundred cars in the west division are propelled alternately by a force of nearly 8,000 horses, which are carefully housed, fed, groomed, and doctored at model stables on Western avenue, Ogden avenue, Halsted street, Chicago avenue, Indiana street, and Blue Island and Milwaukee avenues. About one-third of these animals are cared for at the Western avenue stables, the largest establishment of the kind in the city.

The great impression prevails that the life of the street-car horse is a hard one. The pampering public, however, sees only the work-day part of his existence. His home life is veiled from the public gaze. How he lives there, is a matter of interest to every street-car passenger.

Nearly all of the Chicago horses are bought in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Indiana. In the green pastures of these States they spend their halcyon childhood, not dreaming of the strange tumult and jangling bells, of life and labor on the hard, unyielding pavements of the city. A well-known buyer who finds a ready market from the West Division Company, brings in droves of horses from the States mentioned every week. City dealers do not make any attempt to supply the demand. The superintendent of the company is the purchasing agent, and every animal must pass his scrutiny before it is accepted and paid for. Long practice has made his eye skillful, and he seeks no opinion from the veterinary surgeons. The novice is hitched up for trial alongside of an old-timer. If, in a distance of three or four blocks on the trial track, he shows no disposition to kick his heels through the dashboard, or trot outside of the rail, and is found and strong-limbed—not like a French caricature, carrying an immense body on weak spindle legs—and does not balk, he passes the test of merit and is accepted. The days of sowing wild oats are over with him. No more will he vault over the fence of his owner's neighbor and nip his green corn. Henceforth he is to show his strength and clean-cut action before the metropolitan multitude. He is to be a city horse and not a clodhopper.

As soon as accepted the new horse is given a number on a tin tag tacked on his stall, and his personal description is written in a registry book, showing his age, height, color and weight, and the name of his former owner. His number he retains as long as he remains in the service, no matter whether changed from one stable to another or not. He is not branded on the hoof, as are car-horses in New York. When disposition is made of him by death or otherwise, that fact is duly recorded in the registry volume. The prices at present current for these horses range from \$130 to \$150. Those six or seven years of age, other qualities being equal, bring the top figures. Eight years is the limit of age at which car horses are purchased, and, inversely, a good animal will be accepted at five.

It is not difficult to imagine that so intelligent an animal as the horse is interested in the question of the provender he is to get in his new boarding house. Well, he is fed three times in twenty-four hours; and his diet consists of finely chopped hay, corn and oats, mixed together, and moistened with water. Of this he receives an average of eighteen pounds a day, or six pounds at each "feed." Green horses are fed lighter on health principles, until they become thoroughly accustomed to their new labors. In extremely hot weather horses are fed lighter, and in winter heavier, than usual. Each horse of the Western avenue stables has an average of five hours' work a day to perform. He makes three trips in twenty-four hours, journeying eighteen miles in that time.

Each functionary known as a hostler takes care of sixteen horses, unless the patent grooming machine is brought into requisition, in which case he has double that number in charge. The hostler is supposed to clean the animals, look after their sanitary condition, report the sick to the hospital, and convey the unsound to the blacksmith. Another class of employees attend to the feeding and watering. Those who convey teams to and from the cars at the stables are technically known as "changers."

No car stable on the West Side is without its hospital. In this department may usually be found twelve or fifteen horses, sick, halt, lame, and blind—suffering from ringworm, corns, and sprain. They are given most excellent treatment by a nurse in charge. No veterinary surgeon is employed, because, as the superintendent thinks, he would manage professionally to prolong their ill-health. An apothecary shop is attached, and the horses are given a physic every spring on general principles. When the feet become inflamed, as the very frequently do, the hostler stuffs the hoof with oil-meal, and with proper rest they are soon relieved. Eighteen shoers are constantly employed at Western avenue, and nearly one hundred horses are handled in the shops daily. Speaking of the large stables Foreman McCarthy said that the halter-straps were so fixed on an iron rod controlled by a lever, that the horses may all instantly be turned loose in the event of fire. The stables are kept warm and sweet-smelling by the use of time, and bedding stuff is made of pine shavings. With the patent grooming brushes, worked by revolving spindles like a dentist's drill, a horse is thoroughly cleaned in half minute, and thus one man performs the work of thirty. Not nearly so many shoes are dropped by the horses on the stone pavements as formerly. There was a time

before the pavements were carefully fitted and laid, that 2,000 shoes were sometimes snipt off in a day. All that trouble has been obviated, and shoes usually last out their allotted time.

A good horse in the car service lasts, on an average, about eight years; some extra animals run as long as ten or twelve years; others are unfit for use in a twelvemonth. When worn out, they are sold to farmers at prices ranging from \$25 to \$75. Upon the soft, moist sod of rural land they often become rejuvenated and useful.

COOLEY EMIGRANTS.

A Madras Woman With Rings on Her Fingers and Rings on Her Toes.

NEW YORK, July 1.—On the Austrian bark Lea at Martin's stores, Brooklyn yesterday afternoon, were found three men and a woman grouped near the cabin. The woman had a bright-colored fabric over her head. It fell below her waist, and when she sat down it completely concealed her person. The men's features were fine, their color light brown, and their skin glossy and soft, like satin. They wore striped turbans.

"Have you any work for us, master?" one of them asked in very good English and with a very broad pronunciation of the "a" in "master."

"What can you do?" queried the interviewer.

"I can clean the horse and drive him, master," said another, who had a narrow line tattooed down his forehead to the nose.

"And you?"

"We can make cigars, master," one of them replied, twirling his fingers as if he were tipping off a Henry Clay. "My brother has gone out to see if he can get us work."

At this point the bright fabric began to move, and gradually a woman's head emerged. She was darker than the men in complexion, and her hair was jet black. She looked frightened, and seemed on the point of covering her face again, but one of the men reassured her.

"Her husband's gone, master," he said, "and she doesn't like to have strangers look at her when he's away."

Just then her feet protruded from her loose pink calico wrapper. On each middle toe was a silver ring. As she threw back her head, gear still further gold and jewels in profusion glittered against her dark skin. She was adorned after a fashion which is novel to New York belles. Fastened to one side of her nose was a gold button, which looked as if it might have been put in like a stud. On the other side was a gold button of the same size with a ruby in the center surrounded by spikes of gold tipped with pearls. The ear lobes were decorated with large gold rings. Smaller rings were above them, both being surmounted with gold shafts, run through the shell of the ears and terminating on either side in a gold knob. A chain of some thirty gold disks, each a little larger than our 50 gold pieces, hung from her neck. She did not seem to understand English.

"What's a show, master?" one of the men asked.

The reporter explained the various features of American shows to him.

"You see, master, \$10 a week have been offered her to appear in a show, but in our country a woman doesn't like any man but her husband to see her face."

These people are Madras coolies who shared the bark's hold with five men from the shipwrecked whaling schooner Pilot's Bride. The bark had come from Cape Town.

REV. SLUGGER SULLIVAN.

A Minister Who Affects His Name—His Talents—A Wicked Merchant Sat Upon.

NORWICH, CONN., June 30.—The Rev. Andrew J. Sullivan, who officiates as pastor of the Greenville Congregational Church, likes a good horse, and, though a small man, prides himself on having a well-trained set of muscles. Mr. Davis, of the firm of Noyes & Davis, presides over a stationery store on Main street, and keeps a stock of all kinds of athletic goods, including boxing-gloves. Yesterday, when the Rev. Sullivan dropped into the store, Mr. Davis began to ridicule the pastor's pretensions as an athlete.

"I dare you to put on the gloves," continued the merchant.

"All right, it is agreed," replied the clergyman, promptly.

The leather bags were put on and the two men squared off at each other between the counters. The Rev. Mr. Blackford, of the Universalist Church, acted as referee. After a few passes, in which not much damage was done, both men being totally ignorant of the art of boxing, the champions became excited and clinched in an old-fashioned "sleeve-hold" wrestle. Both were experts at this exercise, and books and slates clattered about the store as first the heels of the minister and then of the merchant described parabolic curves with lightning quickness above the counters. At length the witty clergyman got his man on the run and rushed him around behind the counter and against the safe, where both men went down, the parson on top. As the Rev. Mr. Sullivan, with rosy cheeks, and dust-bespinkled clothes, and panting, sat down astride his fallen foe, triumph in his eye, and a smile on his lips, the patrons of the store applauded vigorously, and the Rev. Mr. Blackford called: "A fair fall for Mr. Sullivan."

Mr. Davis arose unconquered and defiant, but a second round was not tried. He said that in the thickest of Mr. Sullivan's onset his foot slipped and he threw himself. The Rev. Mr. Sullivan smiled incredulously, and the statement was declared by the spectators to be only "a wily subterfuge." Mr. Davis offered to wrestle the clergyman again at any time satisfactory to the latter "catch-as-catch-can," either for fun or the ice cream for the party. He says that he is confident that he can throw the Rev. Mr. Sullivan. After the tussle both of the wrestlers had to send their broadcloth suits to a shop to be cleaned and repaired.

CORY FIELD OF HONOR.

The Virginia Editors Come Together at Last.

They Have Met, They Have Fought, and Virginia Is Satisfied.

WAYNESBORO, VA., July 1.—The duel between Richard F. Beirne, editor of the Richmond State, and William C. Elam, editor of the Richmond Whig, took place two miles south of here Saturday morning at 6 o'clock. The men were placed in position promptly by their seconds, the command was given "Gentlemen, are you ready, fire, one, two, three." At the first fire Elam's ball pierced the skirt of the sack coat worn by Beirne. Neither was hit. Beirne or the challenger's party, demanded another shot. In the second round Elam was wounded in the right hip, the ball passing through the fleshy part of that side and striking the left hip. The wound is not considered dangerous.

Elam, as soon as struck, said to his second: "I am struck." Beirne's seconds declared their principal satisfied. Beirne lifted his hat, saluted his opponent, and walked to his carriage, entered and drove away. Elam was lifted to his carriage and also driven away. Beirne was represented by Frank White, of Petersburg, and W. E. Chockley, of Richmond. Elam's seconds were Sheffield Lewis, of Rockingham, a son of Lieutenant Governor John F. Lewis, and United States District Attorney for the Western District of Virginia, and John D. Snelling.

It is a remarkable fact that the duellists had never seen each other until they met on this occasion. A remarkable and romantic feature of the affair is the manner in which the two men got together without being arrested. When Beirne escaped from Hanover Junction eight days ago he fled to West Virginia on the following Monday evening, and as soon as McCarthy, his second, could communicate with him, a new cartel was made. The place of meeting named therein was near Waynesboro, Saturday morning. Here the romance of the duel comes in. Beirne had safely placed himself beyond the limits of the State, and the question then arose, how were the parties to be got together? The difficulties were enhanced by the fact that all avenues of communication were espialined. Deputy Sheriffs all along the lines of the railroads were on the outlook. The authorities had drawn a complete network around the parties. McCarthy, Royall, Ragland and all parties suspected of connection with this affair were watched by detectives. Elam was securely hid near Richmond, but Beirne could not move from West Virginia.

Finally McCarthy resorted to a cipher dispatch in which the cartel was arranged providing that the meeting should be within two miles of Waynesboro, at 4:30 Saturday morning, on the old stage road. The pass-word was "Number One." Mr. Beirne left Greenbrier County Tuesday night. The rain was coming down in torrents. Beirne and Wright had to keep away from the railroad and take the most out-of-the-way roads. To add to their troubles the mountain streams were swollen, and once the wagon and its occupants were swept down the stream. They traveled night and day, and managed to make the trip of nearly 200 miles without being discovered. The parties were determined, for both belligerents realized that neither of them could show himself in Richmond without having had this meeting.

In the mean time Elam, who had been lying hid near Richmond in the slushes of Hanover, by Henry Clay's birthplace, made his escape from the public. He took to the by-roads, led by the same strong purpose to get to the point of meeting. He was in a covered buggy and had to exercise the same caution as Beirne, being dogged at every step, but he appreciated thoroughly the situation and was determined to get to the appointed place. It might be a matter of life or death when there, but to fail to get there was a matter of honor or dishonor. As the men neared this place the difficulties around them thickened, and many tricks and disguises were resorted to, while renewed efforts were made in the cities to entrap them. Through flood and field, by night and day, the two champions proceeded to go for each other, at night lying on hen-roosts or creeping into barns and dark cabins and finally got together with the result stated. Virginia is satisfied.

SOUTHERN IRON.

Its Cheapness Compared With the Northern Product—Advantages on the Side of the South—Expert Testimony.

NASHVILLE, TENN., July 1.—The discussion as to the relative advantages of the North and South in the production of pig-iron is becoming interesting, especially as the South finds herself possessing another means to develop prosperity and independence for her own labor. Assuming that the Southern States can produce pig-iron more cheaply than is possible in the North, there has lately sprung up a question as to "how much cheaper on the South produce iron than other sections?" The average of production in the Middle and Western States can be easily approximated, it appears; but in the South the task is more difficult, owing to great differences in the cost of the production at different furnaces, the newness of the industry, and the reluctance of many furnace men to impart information. Several Southern journals have attempted to throw light on the question, but without success; indeed it must be said that their efforts have tended rather to enshroud the question in denser darkness, seeing that the information they have submitted is fragmentary, and in most

cases strictly local. The Baltimore Manufacturer's Record, among other Southern journals, has applied itself to the task lately, and in this instance it must be said investigation was pushed with considerable success. The Record received a large number of letters from Southern furnace proprietors, giving, it may be supposed, candid information as to the cost of making pig iron; and several of these letters we shall take the liberty of using as best suits our purpose.

Messrs. Hileman, Waring & Co., proprietors of the Callie furnace in Virginia, in giving the average cost for making a ton of pig iron at their furnace, put down 2,432 pounds coke at \$5.80—6,049 pounds ore at \$1.02; 3,839 pounds limestone at \$1.03; labor, \$2.54, and incidentals \$1, or a total of \$13.09, which amount the corresponding firm states to be rather above than below the actual cost.

Mr. John C. Kaisters, M. E., superintendent of the Powell's Fort Mining Company, Shenandoah county, Va., figures out the cost at his furnace at \$18.56, but says by enlarging stack he can reduce this to \$1.62, allowing \$5 per day for interest on tools, etc. Mr. Kaisters states that in 1880 he sold iron in Baltimore at \$47 per ton—quite a liberal profit.

Writing from Cartersville, Ga., Mr. J. D. Thomas, one of the owners of the Bear Mountain furnace, says that even under their past workings, which have not been economically managed, the average cost of pig iron has been \$10.20 per ton.

A furnace proprietor in Polk county, Ga., who makes only the best quality of strictly old blast charcoal iron for car wheel purposes, puts the cost down for this kind of iron at \$16.50 per ton, stating that he has made it for less and that the cost has never been above these figures.

Mr. J. E. Johnson, the Superintendent of the Longdale Iron Company, whose furnace is one of the largest in Virginia, writes: "I have no hesitation in saying that I believe the statements recently published, placing the cost of iron making at a number of localities in Virginia at from \$11 to \$13, are true now," but he thinks that this cannot last, and that as the most easily mined ores are exhausted the cost will increase.

Bank Vaults Filled With Opium.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 1.—It is said that 4,000 chests of opium have been received, the bulk of which will be on hand in stock. Such heavy shipments of opium as have been made in the past few months may not be expected again for years or until some other extraordinary occurrence arises, as did in the present case, and compels the importation. All the stores in the Chinese quarter where opium is dealt in have a full stock on hand; but taking them altogether, they could not or would not carry one-quarter of the stock which has been received here.

It is not taken to the Chinese quarter nor to any of the warehouses, but to the banks, other than the commercial banks, and stored in their vaults. It is considered the best kind of collateral security by those who handle it, and as high as \$650 a case is loaned upon it. The Safe Deposit Company has a large quantity stored. The Anglo-California Bank, the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, the Comptoir d'Escompte de Paris and Parrott & Co. each have large quantities of the drug stored in their vaults. Many private lenders have quantities of it on hand upon which they have advanced money. The stock which is on hand is valued at not less than \$3,500,000. The stuff is worth \$825 a case. The case is an insignificant-looking box to be of so great value. It contains only forty-one pounds of opium, but the neat, safe way in which it is packed, and the very trifling inconvenience in handling it, enables bankers to do a warehouse business in the article. It is received and sent out every day by the bankers. They all say they never have any fixed quantity on hand. It is considered very safe security, and warehouse receipts circulate as money for nearly the full value of the quantity on storage. No man who has not had years of experience ever attempts to do anything in this class of business, and even the most experienced generally have Chinese experts in their employ, who pass upon the quality and quantity of opium in a tin, the genuineness of the trade-marks and labels, and generally who receive and handle the opium.

Bankers have no peculiar liking for the business which has been forced upon them, but the Safe Deposit Company has always received such valuable substances on storage, and the opium storage is no new business for the company. The whole sum of the various explanations given of the queer business which the banking corporations have undertaken is that it is done as an accommodation for persons with whom they have business dealings, who can not afford to place any confidence in the public warehouses where such valuable deposits are to be made. The Chinese give as their excuse for not patronizing the warehouses that they are afraid of fires. There would be no more chance of saving opium from a burning building than there would be of getting out coal oil or other equally as combustible materials. Their real fear of the public warehouses is as to the security of their store from the tamperings of employees, who might be tempted to substitute one quality for another, or otherwise defraud the owner of the stored opium.

Summary Justice in Montana.

BUTTE, MONTANA, July 1.—An organization in this place, known throughout the Territory as "3-7-77," took Harry Gundy out into a vacant shaft house on the edge of the town, and administered sixty-four lashes with a cat-tail, terribly lacerating his body. The cause of such an extreme measure is that Gundy, on Thursday morning last, assaulted a ten-year-old daughter of a citizen of this place, and, though he failed in his villainous designs, he considerably bruised and injured her. Gundy had a fair trial in the presence of his victim and other witnesses, and confessed his crime. After his chastisement he was escorted to the country road, and told to perpetually atone himself from the place on pain of severe punishment.

CHOLERA IN THE EAST.

The Panic Becoming Rapidly Universal.

Suez Canal Virtually Closed—Pilgrimage to Mecca Prohibited—Quarantine by the European Powers—Our Benjamin Is Coming Home.

ALEXANDRIA, July 1.—At Damietta Friday 113 persons died of cholera, and the scourge is on the increase. At Port Said, it is rumored, there were several deaths, although the authorities admit but one. Seven fatal cases occurred at Mansurah.

TENIS, July 1.—The cholera panic is complete. So convinced are the authorities that there is sufficient reason to warrant the most extreme measure, that the Governor of Algiers has been induced to prohibit this year the annual pilgrimage to Mecca. To prevent zealots, many of whom would rather perish than fail to undertake the religious journey, from violating the prohibition, the military forces have been largely increased. It is feared the prohibition may cause riots.

HAVRE, July 1.—The steamer Kate, from Bombay, is obliged to stay in the roads, and perform quarantine with the steamer St. Bernard, which has arrived from the same place with a case of Asiatic cholera on board.

LONDON, July 1.—The Powers are hurriedly negotiating for a permanent International Sanitary Commission for Egypt, with a view to securing the most effective methods of suppressing or confining the cholera epidemic thought to be imminent.

PORT SAID, July 1.—A rumor prevails that the Government has issued such stringent regulations for the control of the canal traffic while the cholera prevails that the Suez Canal Company can no longer transact its business, and has decided to shut off traffic altogether. The local officers only answer by the statement that vessels are passing, and any one can see that traffic has not been stopped. They refuse to say what instruction they have, or to admit that they have any at all, but they shall, for the present, at least, follow closely the regulations of the Khedive's Government, which are stringent enough, and which, in outline, were suggested by the English Government officially here.

The belief in well-informed circles is that the canal has been ordered closed at once or within a few days.

The French Messageries Line has given notice that its sixty vessels, making every port on the Mediterranean, will take no transfer of merchandise from ports beyond Alexandria. The vessels of the French fleet will leave here as soon as possible.

PARIS, July 1.—M. Herisson, Minister of Commerce, has informed the Cabinet that all vessels suspected of cholera arriving at French ports on the Mediterranean and Atlantic, even with clean bills of health, will be treated as foul. He says the reason for this course is that the English make a practice of granting clean bills of health to vessels from infected ports.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, July 1.—A farewell banquet was given Saturday night to J. P. Benjamin. Two hundred guests were present, including Lord Selborne, Chancellor; Lord Coleridge, Chief-Justice, and Sir Henry James, Attorney-General. The last named feelingly toasted Mr. Benjamin. Mr. Benjamin, in response, said since he came to England to repair shattered fortunes lost in an honorable cause in America he met universal kindness and help.

IRELAND.

LONDON, July 1.—Returns from the election in the County Monaghan yesterday, to fill a vacant seat in the Commons, indicate that Healy, the Home Rule candidate, has a decided majority in half of the election district, and that Monroe, the Tory candidate, has a majority in the other half. The issue will be very close. The Liberal candidate, Pringle, has no chance. The priest strongly supported Healy.

Judge Healy Forewarned.

CINCINNATI, July 1.—Judge Healy, the Democratic nominee for Governor of Ohio was yesterday evening serenaded by the Duckworth Club, of this city at the Judge's residence on Walnut Hills. There was the usual address and response enthusiastically received, &c.

A Year in the Penitentiary for Forcing a Child to Beg.

NEW YORK, July 1.—Madeline Gardello, the Italian beggar, has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has ascertained that Maria, the deformed girl, whom Madeline exhibited, is not the child of the woman, but was taken by her from the alma-house in Genoa, Italy, six years ago, and brought to this country. For a long time the society had been trying to find the woman. Madeline Gardello carried with her a tin card, on which was printed a statement that she was a widow and the mother of five children, one of whom was the deformed little Maria. When an officer of the society visited the woman's rooms at No. 55 Park street he found Mrs. Gardello's husband alive, hearty and smoking a pipe. The couple have had five children. Their oldest son is in the Italian army and their oldest daughter lives in Italy. They have three children in this country, the oldest of whom is a boy seven years of age. The family has been living comfortably on the proceeds of Mrs. Gardello's begging tours. It is said that they have a considerable sum of money saved. The entire family has been to Italy twice since first arriving in this country. It is said that the authorities at Genoa have been paying Mrs. Gardello \$3 a month to take care of the child.